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J. CÆSAR

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WALTER H. BAKER CO., Boston, Mass.

J. CÆSAR

A Burlesque

By
STEPHEN F. HARRIS



BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY
1922

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122

J. CÆSAR

CHARACTERS

*(As originally produced at Shailer Hall, Brookline
High School, Senior Social, '22.)*

JULIUS CÆSAR	-	-	-	-	-	Benny Richardson.
MARCUS ANTONIUS	-	-	-	-	-	Al Billings.
BRUTUS	-	-	-	-	-	Steve Harris.
CASSIUS	-	-	-	-	-	Ted Taylor.
TREBONIUS	-	-	-	-	-	Bob Schacht.
CASCA	-	-	-	-	-	Ken Koch.
LUCIUS	-	-	-	-	-	Addison Cowles.
FIRST STAGE HAND	-	-	-	-	-	Rowell Chase.
SECOND STAGE HAND	-	-	-	-	-	Bob Morgan.
GENERAL UNDERSTUDY	-	-	-	-	-	Fred Taylor.



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AUG -4 1922

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201

*This tiny volume is
dedicated
to the members of the original cast,
to whose sincerity, ingenuity, and
loyalty the successful presentation
of our little play was due :: ::*

STAGE DIRECTIONS

At the opening of "J. Cæsar," the curtain rises and shows an empty stage with a plain background. All the scenery is brought on and removed, in full view of the audience, by two husky and muscular stage hands.

The titles of the scenes are printed on large sheets of cardboard, and they stand on an easel placed to the front and to one side of the stage.

The costumes worn by the stage hands consist of overalls, jerseys, etc. Anything that looks tough will do. They have huge bulging muscles made by padding.

The other characters of the play are dressed in Roman togas, which are conveniently and ridiculously made from bathrobes, blankets, scarfs, or any other similar material. The togas should be draped so that the legs are bare from the knee down, and so that there will be a bare arm and shoulder. Black ribbon or tape should be wound up the legs in a criss-cross manner. Tennis shoes, slippers, or sandals are worn on the feet. No hats are used, except in SCENE III, when CÆSAR wears a derby into the Senate House. Some of the characters have bathrobe cords tied around their heads, with the ends tied into a bow knot and dangling.

A stuffed club, bread knives made of cardboard and tin foil, the more wicked looking the better; rubber daggers, etc., are used in assassinating Cæsar and in the final suicide scene.

REMARKS AND SUGGESTIONS

The stage hands must be snappy, comical workers, or the scene setting will drag.

The actors should be as awkward as they can. They are supposed to be ridiculous. But they must carry everything through with perfectly solemn faces, or the effect will be ruined.

Original horse-play and funny business may be added, but be careful lest too much of it spoil the play.

SCENE I.

The traffic signs are placed one on each side of the stage.

SCENE II.

All lights should be extinguished, except one small one directly above the rubber plant, which is placed on the stage front center. The background should be in shadowy darkness.

If the rubber plant is very small, place it on a stand, and tie the apples on to sticks thrust into the earth around the plant.

SCENE III.

Be sure the table in the Senate House is in a position that will not obstruct the view. It should be placed rear center, so the dice game may take place on one side of it, and the assassination of Cæsar on the other.

Don't prolong the dice game. It must not drag.

During the funeral oration, Antony may step on Cæsar hard enough to force audible grunts from him.

A stuffed club is easily made by sewing a rolled bunch of newspapers up in burlap.

SCENE IV.

For the tent a clothes line should be stretched from wing to wing about seven feet above the floor. The sheets are secured to it with clothes pins. Don't forget to enter and exit through the sheets.

SCENE V.

When Trebonius stabs himself, he is four or five feet away from the dead men. He dives in, landing with his hands (to break the force of the fall) on the other side of the pile.

If Casca's pistol fails to explode, he can club himself to death with the butt of it.

As the whole play is so ridiculous, if something is forgotten, anything extemporaneous substituted will never be noticed by the audience.

J. Cæsar

(Curtain rises, showing blank stage.)

(Enter PROLOGUE SPEAKER who addresses the audience.)

Ladies and Gentlemen :

We shall now present Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, "J. Cæsar." While so doing, we beg you to remember that we wish to leave room for the full play of your imaginations.

Our only endeavor is to portray the rise of the conspiracy, the assassination of Cæsar, and the death of the conspirators, as it occurs to us, and might have occurred to Shakespeare. Incidentally, we humbly apologize to Mr. Shakespeare.

The actors, after the fashion of the noble Romans, will be dressed in bare legs and togas, and ——

VOICE *(from the wings)*. Hurry up out there! Us noble Romans are gettin' cold back here!

[Exit PROLOGUE SPEAKER.]

(Two tough STAGE HANDS bring on an easel and place it on the front of the stage, and to one side. The scene signs are placed on the easel. The first one reads: JULIUS CÆSAR. Two traffic signs are rolled out. One says: "Don't Park Here," and the other: "Go to the Right." The STAGE HANDS exeunt, after removing the first scene sign. The second one reads, SCENE I, etc.)

SCENE I.

Rome : A Street.

(Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, CASCA, and TREBONIUS.
Enter—from other side—BRUTUS and CASSIUS.)

CASCA. Peace ho! Cæsar speaks!

CÆS. Antonius!

ANT. Here, my lord.

CÆS. Let me have men about me that are fat. Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look. Such men are dangerous.

ANT. Fear him not, Cæsar. He's not dangerous. He is a noble Roman.

CÆS. Would he were fatter!

(*Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, CASCA, and TREBONIUS.*)

CAS. Brutus, that guy Cæsar is gettin' too wise.

BRU. You said a jugful, Cassius. But hark, the games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

CAS. As he passes by, pluck Casca by the sleeve, and he will tell us what has happened.

BRU. That I will. (*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, CASCA, and TREBONIUS. They walk across the stage. CASCA is drawn aside. Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and TREBONIUS.*)
 What's up?

CASCA. That bum, Cæsar, wants to be king!

BRU. O ye immortal gods!

CAS. Does he want to be king? Then right merrily let us crown him!

BRU. Art thou with us, Casca?

CASCA. Sure. (*They shake hands.*)

BRU. In my garden this night will we meet. Bring Trebonius with thee, Casca. [*Exeunt all.*]

(*The husky STAGE HANDS remove the traffic signs.
 Then they bring on a diminutive rubber plant, with*

three or four apples tied to it, and place it front center of the stage. Scene signs are changed by stage hand. The next one reads, SCENE II, etc.)

<p>SCENE II.</p> <p>Brutus' Orchard.</p>
--

(Lights are dimmed.)

(Enter BRUTUS, who strides angrily back and forth behind the rubber plant.)

BRU. Cæsar is ambitious! *(Jerks apple from tree.)*
Besides, he won't pay back those ten shekels he borrowed last March. *(Bites savagely into apple.)* He must die!!

(Slams apple on the floor. The conspirators creep in from all directions. They are very cautious, and look every way but the right one. Finally they back into each other and fall all over themselves with a terrific clatter.)

TRE. Darn this toga!

BRU. *(listening ostentatiously)*. Methinks I hear a noise. . . . Welcome, Trebonius. Greetings, good Cassius. Casca, I hope your cold is better.

(He shakes hands with them.)

CAS. Gentlemen, to business. To-morrow is the Ides of March. The Senate intends to make Cæsar king.

BRU. My dagger thirsts for blood! *(Raises it aloft.)*

CASCA. My sword is sharp!

(Holds up a wicked looking bread knife.)

CAS. I have a stout club!

TRE. I know where I can git a brick!

(Speaks with an Irish accent.)

BRU. Do you, then, Trebonius, lead Mark Antony aside. The attention of Cæsar will I hold whilst you, Cassius, and you, Casca, do swing upon him. When my handkerchief drops (*BRUTUS raises his handkerchief up high and lowers it slowly, the conspirators following it with their eyes.*) let the deed be done! [*Exeunt all.*]

(Full lights.)

(*STAGE HANDS remove the orchard. Then they bring in a senatorial looking table, place a dictionary and a bust of Plato, any other bust will do just as well, on it, and hang up a sign at the back of the stage which says: "Watch Your Hat and Coat." Scene signs are changed, and the next one reads, SCENE III, etc.*)

SCENE III.

The Senate House.

(*Enter CÆSAR and ANTONY, CÆSAR wearing a derby hat. They walk across the stage, and CÆSAR hangs his hat on the bust of Plato. The four conspirators enter from the other wing and engage the two in conversation. TREBONIUS takes MARK ANTONY by the arm and leads him aside.*)

TRE. Ha, Marcus Antonius. Know'st thou the noble words, "Come seven" ?

ANT. Shoot a shekel!

(*They play, while CÆSAR, with his back to them, is still engaged in inaudible conversation with the other conspirators. ANTONY loses his shekels, then one sandal, then the other. Peeling off his toga, he exits with TREBONIUS. BRUTUS now talks alone with CÆSAR, while behind CÆSAR'S back CASCA is sharp-*

ening his long knife, and CASSIUS is wielding his club like a baseball bat. TREBONIUS comes in with ANTONY'S clothes thrown over his shoulder and a brick in his hand. BRUTUS produces a handkerchief, handles it, blows his nose, etc. The conspirators all prepare for the slaughter as BRUTUS holds up the handkerchief. But just as he drops it CÆSAR turns suspiciously around. CASCA, throwing away his knife sharpener, begins to manicure his finger nails. TREBONIUS and CASSIUS conceal their weapons behind their backs. BRUTUS has grabbed at his handkerchief and recovered it. He now turns CÆSAR around, mops the perspiration from CÆSAR'S face, and endeavors to calm him. CÆSAR looks nervous and swallows hard. BRUTUS again drops the handkerchief. This time CÆSAR stoops to pick it up, and CASSIUS' mighty swing catches BRUTUS in the stomach. He doubles up with pain.)

CÆS. (returning handkerchief). What's the matter, Brutus?

BRU. (still doubling up). Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!
I just thought of a good joke, Cæsar. There was a —

(Drops handkerchief. CÆSAR again stoops to pick up handkerchief. This time, however, BRUTUS ducks, and CASSIUS misses both of them. With CÆSAR in a stooping position, TREBONIUS drops brick and kicks him over. The conspirators all pile on top of CÆSAR and mob him to death.)

CASCA. Now shalt thou know better next time, ambitious man!

[Exeunt conspirators.]

VOICE OF ANTONY (from the wings). Oh, Cæsar! Cæsar! Oh, Cæsar!

(Enter MARK ANTONY, shouting and looking for CÆSAR. ANTONY is minus his clothes, TREBONIUS having won them, and is wearing a burlap bag with holes cut in it for his neck and arms.)

ANT. Cæsar! Oh, Cæsar! Oh, yooohooo, Cæsar!

(*Falls over body.*) What the deuce are you doing down there? (*Examines body.*) Oooooohh, they have assassinated Cæsar! (*Quietly wraps himself in CÆSAR'S toga.*)

(ANTONY *thinks hard for a moment, showing great grief. Then he advances, puts his foot on CÆSAR'S body and orates.*)

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

(CÆSAR *grunts audibly as ANTONY presses his foot on him.*)

So let it be with Cæsar.
The noble Brutus hath told you Cæsar was ambitious,
And Brutus is a honourable man.
But, ah, my poor friend Cæsar, (*Begins to sob.*)
Grievously hath he been wronged!

(ANTONY *cries a while into his handkerchief, and then wrings out half a pint of water on CÆSAR'S body. There is a saturated sponge concealed in the handkerchief. CÆSAR sits bolt upright.*)

CÆS. (*to the audience*). I'm gonna sock that guy Antony after the show!

ANT. (*to CÆSAR, in a stage whisper*). Sssshh, shut up, you dern fool, you're dead! (*Continuing the oration.*) Go now, youse guys, and avenge your Cæsar.

Ah, now let the mob do its worst,
And may the hide of Brutus be curst!

[Exit ANTONY.]

(STAGE HANDS *remove "Watch Your Hat and Coat" sign, and the dictionary, bust of CÆSAR, and derby from the table. Then they carry off the body. Table is left on stage. A rope is run across the stage and fastened in the wings so that it is nearly seven feet high. Two sheets are pinned on the rope*

so that they hang flush with the floor. Scene sign is changed. Next one reads, SCENE IV, etc.)

SCENE IV.

Brutus' Tent.

(BRUTUS *walks across the stage, and enters the "tent" by coming in between the sheets.*)

BRU. (*agitated, and pacing back and forth*). Woe is me! Illy have we conspirators been pursued from Rome. What hope is there? The mob turned against us. Power in the hands of those villains, Antonius and Octavius. My best friend Cassius disloyal to me. Would that death were knocking at my door. (*Knocking is heard without. He is scared.*) C-c-come in!

(CASSIUS *enters the tent. BRUTUS and CASSIUS stride up and down the stage, swinging their arms, keeping in step, and facing each other, so that they are just about a foot apart, and shouting in each other's faces.*)

CAS. Brutus, you have wronged me!

BRU. You have an itching palm, Cassius!

CAS. Who?

BRU. You!

CAS. Me?

BRU. Yes, you!

CAS. I have not!

BRU. You have!

CAS. I haven't!

BRU. (*shoving CASSIUS away from him*). Away, slight man!

CAS. O ye immortal gods, the conduct of this man doth amaze me!

BRU. By Olympus, I'll black your eye!

(The two advance upon each other threateningly, only to fall into each other's arms and shake with sobbing.)

CAS. Forgive me, Brutus.

BRU. Forgive me, Cassius.

BOTH. Certainly!

CAS. Then good-night, friend. Happily may we meet on the morrow.

BRU. Good-night, Cassius. *(Exit CASSIUS. BRUTUS, winking.)* Boy, now that Cassius has gone, bring a bottle o' wine. *(Sits down on table. Enter LUCIUS, with a tray in his hand. He takes a whisky bottle from under his toga, slams it down on the tray, and slides it over to BRUTUS.)* Now get thy instrument, and quiet me with a melody. *(Exit LUCIUS. BRUTUS uncorks bottle of wine.)* Aaaahh! *(Reënter LUCIUS, with instrument and pillow, which he sleepily sits down on. He prepares to play. As LUCIUS yawns.)* What, art sleepy? Restrain but a moment. A single tune, that I may sleep.

(LUCIUS looks longingly at bottle of wine, and as BRUTUS raises it to his lips he plays "How Dry I Am-m-m-m-m——," holding the last note so long that BRUTUS looks down at him. LUCIUS quickly looks to his instrument, and continues playing. BRUTUS takes another long swig, and LUCIUS draws out the note again. BRUTUS looks down, and LUCIUS averts his own glances. This continues for a minute or two, and at one point during the duel of glances LUCIUS stops playing altogether. BRUTUS draws a dagger, and looks meaningly at him, and he quickly picks up the tune and resumes playing. At last BRUTUS wraps his arms about the bottle, lies down on the table and snores two or three times. At the back of the stage wood is sawed. LUCIUS plays two lines or so of some jazz piece, then rises, takes bottle from BRUTUS' embrace, and holds it upside down. It is empty! LUCIUS shows great disappointment.)

LUC. *(as he prepares to leave, with bottle, instrument, and pillow in his hands).* Gee, but he snores eloquent!

(Wood is still being sawed.)

(Lights are dimmed.)

(CÆSAR enters in his B. V. D.'s—takes a sheet from the tent rope and enshrouds himself in it. He carries a clanking chain, and assumes a majestic pose several feet away from BRUTUS. MARK ANTONY, in his toga, enters with him.)

(Lights are switched on and off three times.)

(Wood sawing ceases.)

BRU. *(awakening, seeing ghost, and falling off table).*
Great Cæsar's ghost! *(Composing himself.)* What the heck do you want here?

GHOST. To tell thee that we shall meet at Philippi.

(Deep voice.)

BRU. Then we shall meet at Philippi.

(Goes back to sleep. Wood sawing resumed.)

[Exit GHOST.]

(Wood sawing ceases.)

(Full lights.)

(STAGE HANDS remove table with BRUTUS on it. Remove sheets and rope, leaving stage perfectly blank. Scene signs are changed. Next one reads, SCENE V, etc.)

SCENE V.

The Plains of Philippi.

(Enter all the conspirators, staggering from weariness. BRUTUS and CASSIUS lean on each other. CASCA and TREBONIUS turn back to back and ease down until they sit on the floor. They push back up to a standing position.)

CAS. The forces of Antonius and Octavius o'errun us.

TRE. We are defeated.

BRU. Thrice hath the ghost of Cæsar appeared to me.

CASCA. I shall ne'er be taken alive.

(Looks at his knife.)

TRE. *(solemnly)*. Friends, farewell. We'll meet in—the next world. No doubt Cæsar will be there.

(The conspirators shake hands mournfully.)

BRU. O Cæsar, thou art avenged.

(He takes the bathrobe cord from his head, knots it around his neck, and strangles himself with it. He falls dead.)

CAS. Ditto here.

(Stabs himself and falls on BRUTUS.)

TRE. Them's my sentiments.

(He wipes the blood from CASSIUS' dagger with his finger, and flips away the imaginary gore. He feels of the point. So sharp! He starts to stab himself, hesitates, and starts again and hesitates. He closes his eyes, and plunges the dagger into his heart. Then he dives into the pile of dead men.)

CASCA. Same here.

(He feels CASSIUS' dagger. Too dull! He draws his murderous-looking bread knife and runs his finger along the blade. Also too dull! He throws it away. He draws a cap pistol from his toga. Sticking a finger into his left ear, he points the pistol at his right. Quivering all over with fear, he cocks the pistol, hesitates, blinks, shudders, closes his eyes tightly, and fires. He falls rigidly, like a board, on the pile of dead men. The pile shakes up and down with laughter.)

(Enter ANTONY. NOTE. This speech may be omitted if desired.)

ANT. (*with a satisfied air*). My enemies are defeated. Octavius and I are in power. (*He sees the dead men.*) Well, well, ain't we got fun? I shall arrange with Octavius to have this garbage removed immediately.

(*From the wings some one throws a pillow at ANTONY'S head. He exits.*)

(*The STAGE HANDS quickly and snappily remove all the remaining scenery. One STAGE HAND drags out a dead man. Other STAGE HAND drags out two dead men, one by each foot. Last dead man, seeing the fate of his companions, cautiously creeps out.*)

CURTAIN

OLD DAYS IN DIXIE

A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Five males, eight females. Scene, a single interior. Costumes of the period. Plays two hours and a quarter. Beverly Bonfoey, a high type of Southern gentleman, loves Azalea, his mother's ward, but Raoul Chaudet, a Canadian adventurer, to whom he has given the hospitality of Bonfoey, steals her love. Forced to leave suddenly because of crooked money transactions, he persuades her to elope, but this is prevented by a wonderfully dramatic device. Beverly then challenges Raoul, who shows the white feather and runs away, and Beverly, to save the family honor, assumes the consequences of his swindling transactions. The untying of this knot is the plot of a strong play with a genuine Southern atmosphere written wholly from the Southern point of view. Royalty, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 for subsequent performances by the same cast.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

THE PROLOGUE, *the Goddess of the South.*

MADAME BONFOEY, *mistress of the plantation.*

AZALEA, *her ward.*

NANCY, *Azalea's sister.*

COUSIN SALLIE SELLERS, *from a neighboring estate.*

PHOEBE, *a little coquette.*

MARY ROSE, *Phoebe's sister.*

MAM' DICEY, *the house mammy.*

BEVERLY BONFOEY, *the young heir.*

JUDGE PENNYMINT, *his uncle.*

RAOUL CHAUDET, *a visitor from Quebec.*

CAMEO CLEMM, *from the city.*

UNKER SHAD, *a bit of old mahogany.*

Beaux and Belles of Dixie.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. The drawing-room of the Bonfoey Plantation in 1849. The letter.

ACT II. The dinner party. The duel.

ACT III. An April morning, three years later. The return.

THE ORIGINAL TWO BITS

A Farce in Two Acts

By Hazel M. Robinson

Written for and presented by The Invaders Club of the United Baptist Church of Lewiston, Maine

Seven females. Scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. The girls in camp receive a visit from a neighbor and have to borrow the neighbor's own dinner in order to feed them. They almost get away with it—not quite. Irish comedy character, eccentric aunt, rest straight.

Price, 25 cents

CAMP FIDELITY GIRLS

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Edith Lowell

*Dramatized by permission from the well-known story by
Annie Hamilton Donnell*

One male, eleven females. Scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. A jolly party of girls occupy an old farmhouse for the summer and there discover a secret that makes for the happiness and prosperity of a poor little cripple. A very "human" piece full of brightness and cheer and with a great variety of good parts.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

BARBARA WETHERELL

JUDY WETHERELL, *her sister*

JESSICA THAYER

MARY SHEPHERD, *otherwise Plain Mary*

EDNA HULL

MRS. TUCKER, *a next-door neighbor.*

JOHNNIE TUCKER, *known as Johnnie-Son.*

BARNABY CAMPBELL, *a big child.*

JENNIE BRETT, *a country girl.*

COUSIN SALOME.

AUNT ELIZABETH.

UNCLE JEFF.

*students at
Hatton Hall School.*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. Room at Hatton Hall School.

ACT II. *Scene I.* Camp Fidelity. Afternoon. *Scene II.* The next morning.

ACT III. *Scene I.* Same. Two weeks later. *Scene II.* Midnight.

ACT IV. *Scene I.* Same. Six weeks later. *Scene II.* A half hour later.

MARRYING MONEY

A Play in One Act

By Alice L. Tildesley

Four females. Scene, an interior. Plays half an hour. The girls seek a job with the millionaire's mother and one of them gets one for life with the millionaire. One eccentric character and three straight.

Price, 25 cents

THE OVER-ALLS CLUB

A Farce in One Act

By Helen Sherman Griffith

Ten females. Scene, an interior. Plays half an hour. The "Over-Alls Club" meets for the first time in its denim costume with enthusiasm for economy that only lasts until young Dr. Ellery is announced. Finishes in pretty gowns.

Price, 25 cents

SEASON 1922

A BUNCH OF FUN

A Farce in Three Acts.

By Erastus Osgood

Five males, nine females. A simple interior scene throughout. Modern costumes. The plot of this farce crackles with fun as though charged with laughter and smiles. Vera, the baseball girl, makes a "hit" in more ways than one. Sylvia, the dancing girl, steps right into the hilarity with a whirl. Nina, the stage aspirant, gives a new twist to Shakespeare, and Cecily, the Mandolin girl, would lure a smile from a Sphinx. These four girls are the "Bunch." Tacks, the football star, tackles love from a new angle. Ray was a born Romeo, but misfires. Lynn plays the clown to every one's delight, and if Murray hadn't written the sketch, lots of things would not have happened. Mrs. Selma Blair tries to break up the fun, but "nothing doing." Miss Martha is a delightful character. Alice entertains the "bunch" and is well repaid. Dr. and Mrs. Grandon form a charming background for an evening of wholesome amusement. And last, the arch fun-maker, Christina, the Swedish maid. If she knew how funny she was, she wouldn't believe it. She is "stuck on the movies" but Ray declared, "that for pulling funny stunts, Christina has got Charlie Chaplin beaten forty different ways." Free for amateur performance.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

REV. STEPHEN GRANDON, D. D., *rector of St. Paul's.*

MARY, *his wife, "flustered on occasions."*

MARTHA, *his sister, "a trifle warped."*

CHRISTINA, *a Swedish maid, "stuck on the movies."*

RAYMOND HUNTING, *a live wire.*

VERA MATHERSON, *a baseball fan.*

NINA LEE, *a stage aspirant.*

CECILY MOORLAND, *the mandolin girl.*

SYLVIA STEWART, *the dancing girl.*

LYNN LOCKWOOD, *the man "who takes off his face."*

ALICE HUNTING, *the entertaining girl.*

MURRAY KENT, *a college playwright.*

TACKS MULFORD, *a football star.*

MRS. SELMA BLAIR, *a pest in the parish.*

SCENE

Heatherdale near New York. (The entire action takes place in the living-room at the rectory.)

TIME: Present.

ACT I.—"The Bunch" arrives.

ACT II.—"The Bunch" in action.

ACT III.—"The Bunch" choose partners.

GOOD-EVENING, CLARICE

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts.

By J. C. McMullen

Five males, six females. Playing time, approximately two hours. Costumes of the present day. Scene—a single interior. Annette Franklin, a jealous wife, has been raising a little domestic war over her husband's supposed infatuation for a noted dancer, Clarice de Mauree. How Annette was proven wrong in her supposition, cured of her jealousy, and found her long lost parents, makes a comedy, which, while easy of production, proves very effective in the presentation. The part of Clarice, the dancer, gives the opportunity for an excellent female character lead. All of the other parts are of equal importance and the situations fairly radiate comedy and swift moving action. This new play has already made its public début in manuscript form, having been used with great success on the Pacific coast. Royalty, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 for each subsequent performance by the same cast. Professional rates will be quoted on request.

SCENES

Act I.—Living-room of the Franklin residence, Buffalo, N. Y., 7:15 P. M.

Act II.—The same, 8:15 P. M.

Act III.—The same, 9:00 P. M.

Price, 50 cents.

HIS UNCLE'S NIECE

A Rollicking Farce in Three Acts.

By Raymond W. Sargent

Six males, three females. Scenery not difficult. The plot of this hilarious farce centres around a letter received by Francis Felton from his Uncle Simon of Happy Valley Junction, who has always supposed that Francis was of the opposite sex. The letter announces that the uncle has selected a husband for his niece and that they are both on the way to New York to make final arrangements for the wedding. In desperation, to keep up a deception started years before by his parents, Francis assumes a female character rôle in order to carry out a provision whereby he is to receive a million dollar bequest from his uncle. The explanations made necessary through this change are amusing and realistic. The dénouement is a surprise and one that will lift the audience to its feet with applause. You have seen Charley's Aunt on the professional stage, and here is a chance for amateurs to act in a play that is even better suited to their requirements.

CHARACTERS

SCENES

Act I.—Interior of Francis Felton's and Richard Tate's bachelor establishment at Boston.

Act II.—Same as Act I. Afternoon of the same day.

Act III.—Exterior of Uncle Simon's summer home at Happy Valley Junction. Evening; three days later.

Time: Midsummer.

Time of playing: Approximately two hours.

Price, 35 cents.

STEP OUT—JACK!

An Optimistic Comedy in Three Acts.

By Harry Osborne

A successful vehicle for talented amateurs. Twelve males (can be played with less), five females. Costumes modern. Scenery, three simple interiors. Jack Rysdale is "down and out." All he has in the world are the clothes on his back and the love in his heart for the wealthy and beautiful Zoe Galloway. He dare not ask her to marry him until he has made his way in the world. Zoe loves him, and while the girls in New York do nearly everything else, they do not propose—yet. Jack's fighting spirit is about gone when he meets a man named Wilder, who is a natural fighter and knows how to bring out the fighting qualities in others. From him Jack learns that he has a dangerous rival in Percy Lyons. He learns that if he is going to get anywhere in this world, he can't stand in line and await his turn but must step out and "go get it." He learns more from Wilder in ten minutes than he absorbed in a whole year in college. So, figuratively speaking, he steps out, takes the middle of the road and "gives 'er gas." Once started, nothing can stop him until he has attained his object. Every girl will fall in love with Jack and every man and boy will admire his pluck and courage. Zoe is a matrimonial prize on fourteen different counts, and her chum, Cynthia, a close second. Wilder is a regular man's man who can convince any one who doesn't wear ear muffs that black is white and vice-versa. Then there is Percy Lyons, who never stayed out very late, Clarence Galloway, a rich man's son looking for a job, Buddie the office boy, who is broken-hearted if he misses a ball game, and Bernice Williams, who thinks she is a regular little Home Wrecker but isn't. An artistic and box office success for clever amateurs.

Act I.—Private Office of R. W. Wilder.

Act II.—Library—John Galloway's Home.

Act III.—Rysdale's office.

TIME: The present.

PLACE: New York City.

Time of playing: Approximately two hours.

Price, 50 cents.....Royalty, \$10.00

THE SHOW ACTRESS

A Comedy in One Act.

By J. C. McMullen

Two males, four females. Costumes, country of the present day. Playing time about forty minutes. Scene, dining-room of the Martin Homestead, Hillville, Vt. A burlesque troupe is stranded in the little village of Hillville. Goldie, the star, is taken in by the Martins. Her adventures with the cow at milking time, and with the domestic cook-stove are a scream. She eventually restores the Martins' lost daughter, captures the thief robbing the village bank and marries Zek'l, the bashful village constable. Full of action. All parts good, Goldie the lead, and Zek'l, the bashful lover, being particularly effective.

Price, 25 cents.

SUNSHINE

A Comedy in Three Acts.

By Walter Ben Hare

Four males, seven females. Scene, one simple exterior, easily arranged with a small lot of potted plants and rustic furniture. This charming play was really written to order, to satisfy an ever growing demand for a comedy that could be used either as a straight play or as a musical comedy. The author has arranged a happy and realistic blend of the two types of entertainment, and the catchy tunes which he has suggested should find favor in the amateur field. The story leads the audience a merry chase from snappy farce to real drama (with just a flavoring of the melodramatic) which modern audiences find so pleasing. Here we find a great character part in a popular baseball hero, who succeeds in making a home run in more ways than one, a wonderful leading lady rôle in the part of Mary; a hypochondriac, who finds his medicine most pleasant to the taste; an old maid who mourns the loss of her parrot, and a Sis Hopkins type of girl with the exuberance of spirit that keeps the audience on its mettle. The Major is a character of great possibilities and in the hands of a capable actor much can be made of it. Sunshine is the sort of play that will live for years, as its very atmosphere is permeated with good will toward the world at large. We cannot too highly recommend this play, written by an author with scores of successes behind him and not a single failure. Royalty \$10.00 for the first performance and \$5.00 for each subsequent performance given by the same cast.

Price, 50 cents.

CHARACTERS

MAUDELLA McCANN, *aged ten.*

MRS. BUNCH McCANN, *of Detroit, the mother.*

MRS. SOL WHIPPLE, *of Whipple's Corners, Conn., the country lady.*

MISS TESSIE MITFORD, *the mental case.*

MR. JUBA K. BUTTERNIP, *of Peoria, Ill., the old man.*

MISS GREGORY, *the nurse.*

BUDDY BRADY, *of New York, the ball player.*

MAJOR KELLCOTT, *the speculator.*

JIM ANTHONY, *he's engaged.*

SYLVIA DEANE, *she's engaged.*

MARY, *"Sunshine."*

BOYS AND GIRLS.

SCENE: The lawn at Sunshine Sanitarium, near New York City.

ACT I.—Morning.

ACT II.—Afternoon.

ACT III.—Night.

Time of playing: Two hours.

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